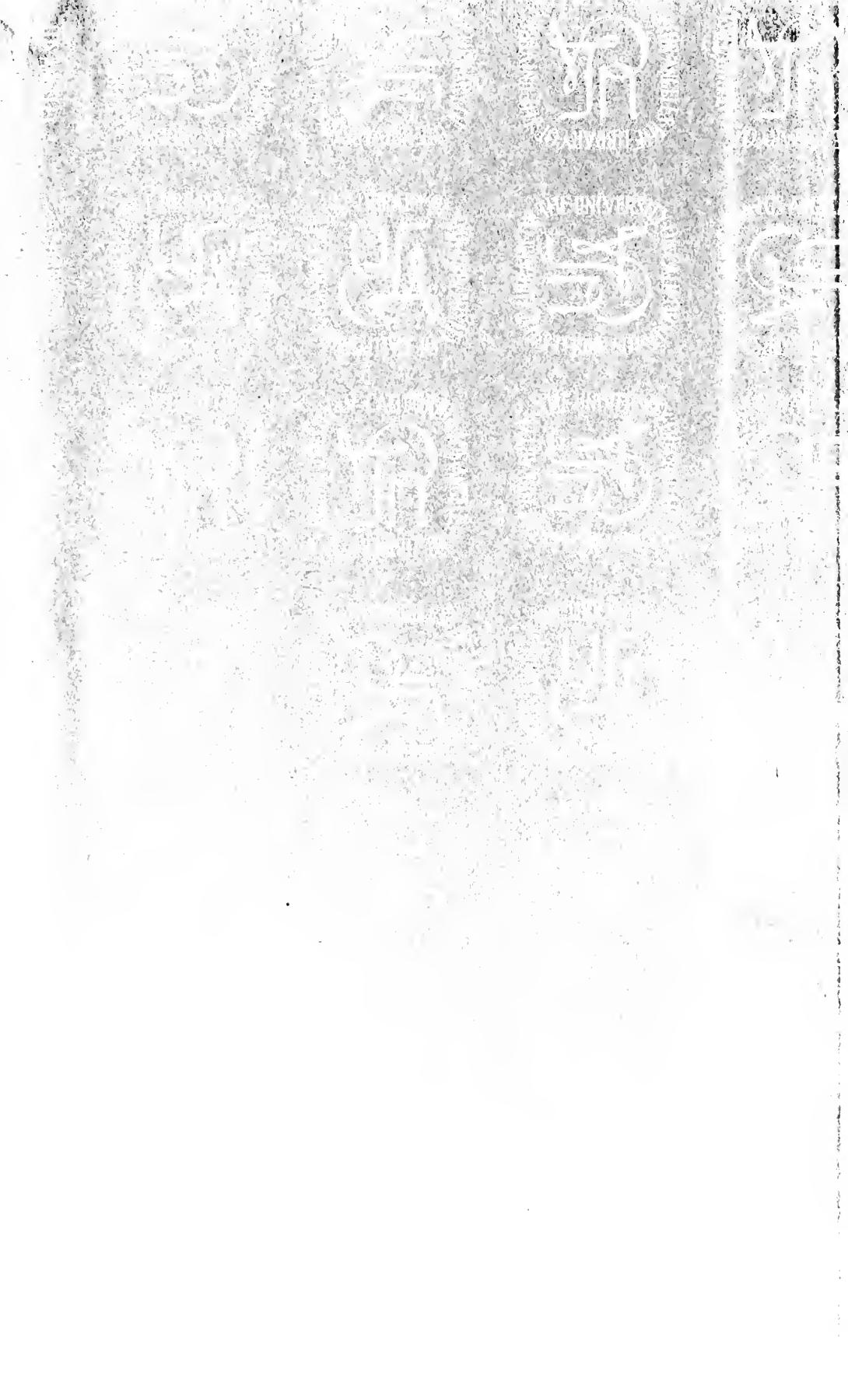


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E R J R.

A GEOGRAPHICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE
POEM.



PART I.



*EST LOCUS, EXTREMUM PANDIT QUA GALLIA LITTUS
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1810.



ELIJAH IMPEY

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TO THE
Noblemen and Gentlemen
OF THE
UNITED KINGDOM
OF
GREAT-BRITAIN AND IRELAND,
EDUCATED AT
WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

SIX and thirty years of my life, dedicated to the public Service, (if, as an Assistant in a public School, I have executed my duty faithfully,) entitle me to the regard and esteem of those, to whose Education I have in any degree contributed :

To such I appeal, under the persuasion that the following Publication will

DEDICATION.

be received with complacency and encouragement. Its merits as a Poem must be determined by the general Opinion :---to that I submit as an Author. But, as an Individual, I feel a satisfaction which the annexed List of those, who have honoured me with their Patronage, has raised above the possibility of disappointment. Who are these? Men now occupying conspicuous situations in the service of their Country, and whose countenance will be ever acknowledged with the utmost gratitude

By their faithful

Obliged Servant,

E. SMEDLEY.

PREFACE.

THE Author of this Poem has taken his design from DR. CAMPBELL's Political Survey of Great Britain; and the following extract is sufficient to point out the substance of it: without farther preface he will use the words of that excellent and profound writer.—Page 236.

“ In respect to Ireland, we have more than once observed, that, except Great Britain, there is not perhaps in the world an island that possesses more natural advantages. The climate, soil, and productions, of this country are such, as render it wonderfully commodious to its inhabitants, as furnishing them with all the necessaries, and most of the conveniences, of life, with a large surplus of valuable commodities.”—
“ To this we may add the peculiar happiness of its situation, by which it not only enjoys an easy and settled trade with all the ports on the west coast of Great Britain, and the islands dependant on it; but

PREFACE.

has also the command of an universal correspondence with all parts of the known world."

"Ireland indeed, all things considered, is in possession of so many benefits, and has the increasing and multiplying of these so much in the power of the inhabitants, that we may without scruple affirm, they may with facility and certainty improve their country in all respects, to a higher degree possibly than any of the like extent upon the continent; and at the same time accumulate such a strength, as to stand in no dread, with the assistance of the fleets and forces of Great Britain, of the envy" (we may add evil intentions) "of her most potent neighbours. A circumstance sufficient to excite and support the endeavours of her genuine patriots, in their intentions not to spare either labour or expence, in order to verify from facts, what all, who have considered this island with attention, have unanimously pronounced to be in her power, and which has been so clearly justified by every experiment that has hitherto been attempted. The circumstance of all others that puts this most beyond doubt, is the happy distribution of her waters, which nature has so disposed as to render them equally favourable for almost every valuable purpose. The bays and inlets of the sea supply her with numerous har-

PREFACE.

bours; while, on the other hand, her rivers and lakes are no less happily placed, for the procuring her inhabitants all the advantages that naturally arise from an easy communication between the several parts of the country, and thereby furnish the means of a flourishing inland trade."

The testimony of an eye-witness, who had seen what is so justly described, and who wrote his account two centuries before, corroborates the opinion of the learned author.

" And sure it is yet a most beautifull and sweet country as any is under heaven, being stored throughout with many goodly rivers, replenished with all sorts of fish, most abundantly sprinkled with many very sweet islands and goodly lakes, like little inland seas, that will carry even shippes upon their waters, adorned with goodly woods even fit for building of houses and ships so commodiously, as that, if some princes in the world had them, they would soone hope to be lords of all the seas, and ere long of all the world ; also full of very good ports and havens, opening upon England, as inviting us to come unto them, to see what excellent commodities that country can afford, besides the soyle it selfe most fertile, fit to yeeld all kinde of fruit that shall be committed

PREFACE.

thereunto. And lastly, the heavens most milde and temperate, though somewhat more moist than the parts towards the west."

Spenser's View of the State of Ireland, Vol. VIII. p. 320.

Todd's Edit. 1805.

The following extract from the great Natural Historian, though applied to Italy, corresponds so entirely with these opinions, that we might suppose the authors above quoted had the passage on their mind.

"Pulcherrima est omnium situ ac salubritate cœli atque temperie, accessu cunctarū gentium facili, littoribus portuosis, benigno ventorū afflatu, aquarum copiā, nemorum salubritate, montium articulis, ferorum animalium innocentia, soli fertilitate, pabuli ubertate.—Quidquid est, quo carere vita non debeat, nusquam est præstantius."

L. Plinii. Nat. Hist. Lib. 37. cap. 77.



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E R I R.

PART I.

FAIR ERIN, Daughter of the western main,
Whose cliffs rise proudly, destined to sustain
The war of waters rolling to thy shores,
Where uncontroul'd the vast Atlantic roars;
As around Skelig's¹ rocks fierce ocean raves,
And wastes the strand with never-ceasing waves;
Or on Rathlin,² with many a shipwreck foul,
Night after night destructive tempests howl:

4

Britain thy aid demands in war or peace ;
With thine her pow'rs diminish or increase.
Whene'er her crimson banners she unfurls,
And o'er the globe her vengeful thunder hurls,
If Plata's flood demand a soldier's toil,
Or Asia's plains, or Afric's burning soil,
Where dauntless Abercrombie nobly bleeds,
Where Stuart conquers, or where Wellesley leads ;
Thine with her offspring, liberal as brave,
To vanquish hasten, and exult to save.
Nor do the perils of the deep affright,
Where glory hovers o'er Trafalgar's height,
And gallant Nelson to his comrades calls,
Tells them their duty, then triumphant falls ;

5

They stand prepared for victory or death,

And cheer the hero at his latest breath.

When roving wild the ³ Scandinavian host

Braved every sea and ravaged every coast,

In thee still glow'd Religion's sacred flame;

Learning thy boast, and holy was thy name.

In better times, when Reason's purer sway

Taught kindred isles one sceptre to obey,

The maiden Queen, ⁴ who happily combined

With port majestic energy of mind,

Under one name, most honour'd most rever'd,

Twin seats of science in two kingdoms rear'd :

There pensive students o'er their midnight oil,

In pale and solitary silence toil,

6

Trace all the wonders of the peopled sky,

New worlds discern beyond the galaxy;

Attest the force of the creative nod,

And call on Atheists to confess a God.

Erin, where bounteous heav'n has spread around

Her choicest gifts o'er lands with plenty crown'd,

Learn thine own strength. For who thy coasts survey

Thy lakes, thy rivers, thy capacious bays,

Plains, valleys, verdant hills, and mountains blue,

And sylvan shades in all their varied hue;

Thy nodding tow'rs, thy venerable piles,

Thy holy⁵ springs, and consecrated isles;

Who would regard, when these amidst he roves,

Hesperian gardens or Phœacia's groves? ⁶

7

The mariner, whose lot it is to roam,
To count the tedious months, far, far from home,
Fearless has seen his crazy vessel shape
Her billow'd course round Esperanza's cape,
Or that bluff point, which Anson's spirit shook ;
But yielded to thy skill, immortal Cook.
I view him on the giddy topmast stand,
Seeking with steadfast eye his native land ;
His former perils vanish like a dream ;
The plighted vow becomes his only theme.
When the north-east⁷ strikes back the sullen sails,
Damp'd are his hopes ; his perseverance fails,
Anxiety succeeds, and dark despair
Doubles the distance from his faithful fair.

8

The broken coin, which at his bosom hung,
The well-known ditty, which his comrades sung,
The stern command, the tender look, the sigh,
Susan's fond tear, and William's constancy,
These, with the baffling winds, augment his pain ;
The hours he watches, and each change in vain.
While doubt, and fear, and hope alternate strive
To thwart, or keep expectancy alive ;
Ne'er could the watchman from his height descrie
The pennant of the laded Argosie,
Did not Kinsale, on Munster's friendly coast,
Give shelter to his vessel, tempest toss'd ;
Kinsale, whose ivied walls above the flood
Look down on Bandon,^s crown'd with many a wood

9

Or where, like Venice, Mistress of the Sea,
Cork rears her head⁹, amid divided Lee ;
Replenish'd from her store, which never fails,
A thousand fleets expand their swelling sails.

The topmast bends; and now the busy crew
May with the breeze their destin'd course pursue :
With sickness pale, the sport of ev'ry wind,
Me, they must leave, their passenger, behind.
But soon, those salutary gales, that blow
From¹⁰ Nagle's heights, the varied scene below,
The fresh'ning verdure of the coming year,
The bleating flock, the ruminating steer,
The feather'd songster, whistling from the brake,
The distant plain, and tranquillizing lake,

10

Thy echos, Allo, Buttevant, thy tow'rs,

(Oft argument of contemplative hours,)

These all my shatter'd faculties restore,

And prompt me Erin's beauties to explore.

Heard ye the shepherd's legendary tale,

Under old Mole, in soft Armulla's dale ?

Saw ye the villagers around him throng,

Attentive still to hear his rustic song,

And Mulla, list'ning, stop her native speed,

To catch the sound of harmless Colin's reed ?

Kilcolman's woods with Colin's carols ring;

Kilcolman's ruins sad remembrance bring.

Ill-fated swain ! what boots it to have sung

Of knights, of dames, of halls with trophies hung,

11

Of tournaments and necromantic pow'rs,
And damsels sleeping in enchanted bow'rs,
Fays, giants, goblins, dwarfs of horrid mien,
And all the glories of thy Fairy Queen !
Slow chilling penury, the poet's fate,
And disappointment, on thy evening wait,
Hope for the morrow ; evil for the day ;
To stoop to those who smile but to betray,
To know of sad dependance all the fears,
To court the bounty of reluctant peers ;
From barb'rous spoilers not a remnant save,
Worn down with cares, to sink into the grave--
Such were the suff'rings of Eliza's bard ;
This, Poesy exalted, thy reward !

12

Flow, Mulla, flow ; though Colin be no more ;
Though Colin's friend reluctant leave thy shore
To court new smiles, and give his youthful sail
To all the dangers of Ambition's gale ;
Yet shall the Muse, sure harbinger of fame,
Give to remembrance injur'd Raleigh's^{II} name,
Bid the fond mother tell her infant brood,
When wean'd, they banquet on Columbia's food,
“ This, Raleigh planted.” If he proudly calls
England's best bulwark, England's wooden walls ;
When new defence, new conquest Britain plans,
Her wooden walls, thus nurtur'd, Erin mans.
Sweet Mulla, flow ; and, as thy waters glide,
Increase, dilate, till Bregog's widow'd bride

13

Shall, join'd to Avenmore's¹² commanding flood
At Youghal, overwhelm full many an ancient wood.

Three brothers,¹³ yet not rising from one source,
Thro' diff'rent districts shape their checquer'd course,
Suir, Barrow, Nore, improving, as they flow,
Luxuriant pastures, verdant meads below.

From flow'r-enamell'd plains, and flooded stores,
Here all her riches vegetation pours :
Here innate virtues of the fatten'd soil
Reward the master's skill, the servant's toil,

Attract the produce of each varying clime,
Gain without fraud, and wealth without a crime.

What complicated ills hath Erin known
Since that dread time, when on her coasts was throw

The murd'rous Dane : in blood his steps are trac'd,
Learning's abode, and holy piles defac'd,
And smoking huts and homes, for ever lost,
Mark the dire progress of the savage host !
The land of strangers¹⁴ is the land of woe ;
Stern desolation rules where'er they go :
Licentious sway, by no just rule confin'd,
Nips, as it buds, each virtue of the mind,
Changes the shape and flavour of the fruit,
Makes the mild merciless, turns Man to Brute.
When Tamerlane, inexorable lord,
Leads from Tartarian plains his savage horde,
Delhi soon feels his unrestricted ire,
While countless victims at his feet expire :

When Quito's shores Pizarro's bands invade,
And Cuzco's streets, (too soon a desert made,)
Hear this sad boding : “ Children of the Sun,
“ Your empire falls, your father's race is run ;”
The wealth of Capac's realms, imperious gold,
Heaps on gigantic heaps in vain are told ;
The dogs of war are slipt, Pizarro nods,
Peru weeps o'er her temples and her gods.
Manapia thus, Earl Strongbow's first essay,
To the proud Norman falls an easy prey.
Knights, iron-clad, expert in war's turmoil,
Averse to spare, and resolute to spoil,
Disperse the vassal crew, who dare the fight,
Ill train'd, worse arm'd, tho' strong in native might ;

And blazing harvests mid the din of arms,
Sad torch ! light Richard¹⁵ to his Eva's charms.
Though from his daring height the tyrant frown,
Beaming new terrors from his iron crown,
Yet will the transitory vision pass,
Like fleeting shadows in the magic glass.
Let pow'r and conquests loftier minds invite,
Far diff'rent scenes the placid man delight.
Soft Wicklow's mountains, and her veins of gold,
Her rocks, and rills, in beauty manifold,
The tow'ring oaks along the valley's side,
The roaring torrent,¹⁶ Powerscourt, thy pride,
And Dargle's glen, pre-eminently wild,
Have love with hope inspir'd, and cares beguil'd.

From Wicklow Liffey,¹⁷ “rolling down the lea,”
Flows westward in her course to meet the sea :
Kildare to northern climes directs the dame ;
Yet, like her sex, tho’ fickle, still the same,
Allur’d by wealth, magnificence, and show,
Eastward to Dublin see the wanton go ;
Too eager to display her short-liv’d charms,
Ocean receives her in his willing arms,
And forms a bay, where beauties so combine,
They yield alone Parthenope¹⁸ to thine.
As ancient monarchs swell’d their coffer’d hoards,
By gifts pour’d in from tributary lords,
So royal Boyne,¹⁹ rich in collected bourns,
Augmented deepens, as it deepens mourns.

18

Fierce Cromwell's²⁰ iron ministers proclaim

Destruction : infants tremble at his name :

Fond mothers weep for those who are no more---

Unburied lie their corses on the shore.

In one vast ruin overwhelming all,

Riv'd from their rocks Tredagh's old bulwarks fall.

From Dunmore's height²¹ let timid James behold

A rival king his martial bands unfold :

Now to the shock see kindred bands advance ;

The bigot shrinks, and, speeding back to France,

Leaving his friends their fallen lot to moan,

Flies to the mass, and abdicates a throne :

Thy column, Boyne, records their valiant deeds,

Where William with his conq'ring squadrons bleed

19

If o'er thy streams,²² augmented by the tide,
Newry, the laded bark could scarcely glide,
Now Art completes what Nature first began,
Wedding thy waters to the silver Ban.

Thus, as it deepens, Locha shall convey
From inland seas the treasures of Lough Neagh.

Here busy hands their flaxen harvests spread,
Or in the loom insert the ductile thread.

Here cottagers their former huts despise---
Cabins no more, but palaces arise.

As grateful show'rs refresh a thirsty soil,
New crops arise, repaying ev'ry toil ;
The valleys laugh, and drops of fat'ning dew
Each fading glory of the land renew :

20

So Commerce, in her various bounties bless'd,
Unfetters realms by Poverty oppress'd.
Commerce, an eagle in her rapid flight,
With wings expanded leaves the realms of night;
The massive iron ²³ from its mountain brings,
Gold from the treasure-house of Lybian springs;
Potosi's silver, and Golconda's gems,
Shine with new lustre on the banks of Thames.
Can the Muse pass that hospitable door
Where dwells in peace the mitred sage Dromore,
Nor give one line of gratitude to praise
The second father of our ancient lays?
Prelate much honor'd, while the many come
To weep o'er Isabel's sequester'd tomb,

21

They shall recall thy hermit's tale of woe,

While real tears for fabled sorrows flow :

They shall recall²⁴ how valiant Douglas sped,

Ere he was number'd with the mighty dead ;

How Percy, flow'r of knighthood, scorn'd to yield

On northern hills and Cheviot's blood-stain'd field.

For me, who knew thee in my earlier years,

And, sympathising, felt a father's tears,

And saw that father, in the midst of grief,

Seek from religion and his God relief,

Be mine thy Christian virtues to record :

O ! be it Heav'n's those virtues to reward !

Shall rocks conceal'd Ban's²⁵ lengthen'd course disgra-

Shall years roll on, and no improvement trace ?

Athwart the flood shall rugged bars be thrown,
Nor Smeaton's art, nor Brindley's talents own ?
Yet here could I the passing hours beguile,
Watch the brown salmon²⁶ practice ev'ry wile :
By instinct urg'd, the ocean's depths he leaves,
Surmounts loud cataracts, and torrents cleaves ;
With energetic spring the rock escapes,
To fresher streams with exultation shapes
His mazy windings, heedless of the bait,
Nets, spears, or torches ; perils that await
The playful victim, taught by nature's law
From the main's briny bosom to withdraw,
And seek, where brooks o'er pebbled bottoms run,
The vivifying rays of Leo's sun.²⁷

Hail, Columb !²⁸ saint rever'd, whose holy toil
Proclaim'd salvation on the banks of Foyle,
Instructed savages to quit their groves,
Their rites barbaric, and unhallow'd loves ;
Taught them one God with holy dread to fear,
To pity other's woes, their own to bear ;
Left them his volume, his baptismal well,
His pastoral staff, and consecrated cell.
Here Derry,²⁹ London's friend, and Ulster's pride,
With battlements adorns Foyle's western side ;
And once majestic oaks with spreading shade
Their leafy honors o'er the lake display'd.
But now the nymphs their wonted haunts deplore,
Hercynian³⁰ forests are beheld no more :

Frantic with loss, the desolating heir
The growth of centuries disdains to spare,
Infatuate sets upon a single cast
The pride of ancestors for ages past,
And hears unmov'd the frequent strokes resound,
That lay the forest level with the ground.
Britain, beware ! for, should the time arrive
When, heav'n forefend ! nor elm nor oak shall thrive
In glen, or valley, or on mountain steep,
To float thy sov'reign thunder o'er the deep,
Then shalt thou mourn thy wealth-deserted coast,
Then must the empire of the sea be lost.
A bridge of piles, immeasurably long,
Across the flood with wintry torrents strong,

Leading the weary traveller o'er Foyle,
Joins Derry's³¹ ramparts to the parent-soil.
The flights of humour and of comic mirth,
Which Farquhar penn'd, to Derry owe their birth:
Thalia, tho' she blush at many a page,
Mourns her lost state when Farquhar quits the stage,
Sees Dulness reassume her leaden reign,
Till Sheridan shall banish her again.
Unwillingly I leave that busy coast,
Where works of giants³² are in ocean lost,
And Donegal in piercing fog immers'd,
Hills clad in russet, ne'er by bards rehears'd,
Save when sweet Carolan³³ in wandering mood
A pilgrim came to Patrick's holy rood,

And, in the narrow limits of a cell,

His own from other votaries could tell :

Blind was the bard, and silent was the fair;

Small was the space that held the tuneful pair ;

Tho' Time o'er both his hoary honors strew'd,

Here they join'd hands, their former vows renew'd;

And Carolan repeats, " My love is found!"

Lough Derg, thy rocks the liquid notes resound.

If, where the seed is sown, that land can claim

Some merit from the future harvest's fame,

Mayo, thy lake with confidence may boast

A world of learning in oblivion lost.

Here³⁴ (not I ween mere legendary tale)

The Muse resorts, her ruins to bewail ;

27

Here would relate (had not old Time remov'd
Each vestige of her residence belov'd)
How Alfred watch'd by less'ning taper's light
The creeping moments of the silent night ;
Enrich'd his ardent mind with classic lore,
Convey'd that knowledge to his native shore,
A structure rais'd to last the lapse of years,
(Cherish it, Britons,)----Trial by your Peers !
Let civic wreaths adorn his patriot-head,
For Alfred twine fresh laurels. From the dead,
Bursting the cearments of his hallow'd tomb,
In awful majesty behold him come :
To Erin's friends, to Erin's secret foes,
Hear him prophetic thus his thoughts disclose :

“ Long had unhappy England, stain’d with blood,
“ Th’invading Danes’ relentless pow’r withstood;
“ What ! tho’ with this right arm (no puny boast)
“ I seized their Refern³⁵ from the recreant host,
“ Mid havoc wild and desolating fire,
“ Back to their haunts compell’d them to retire !
“ Wearied with battles, and with conquest cloy’d,
“ A weightier task my lab’ring mind employ’d ;
“ When malice, fraud, and ignorance combin’d,
“ Kingdoms afflict, and man’s best reason blind,
“ The hero, like a tutelary god,
“ Benign, descending from his blest abode,
“ Authority by mild persuasion gains,
“ Reforms the barbarous, the rash restraints,

29

“ The virtuous fosters, bolder souls inspires
“ In valorous deeds to emulate their sires.
“ If realms divided, in one bond to join,
“ And by affection’s magic make them mine ;
“ If Learning’s drooping head again to raise,
“ If Commerce to allure be Alfred’s praise,
“ Erin these arts imparted : Hence my name
“ Lives on the records of eternal fame.
“ Bear me, ye visions, into future times,
“ O’er Norman conquests and successive crimes ;
“ The fatal victories of either Rose,
“ Relentless hatred, war without repose ;
“ Ambition’s pomp, and Bigotry’s short scene.
“ Alfred, thy counsels in a maiden Queen,

30

“ When, as he rides gigantic o'er the tide,
“ Collected wisdom humbles Spanish pride:
“ Beyond that age, which stain'd with kindred blood
“ England shall rue, and o'er her follies brood,
“ O ! waft me to those happier days of peace,
“ When feuds and groundless jealousies shall cease.
“ Then if the Gaul's fell treachery prevail,
“ And dastard Europe in her duty fail;
“ If Erin, whom each novelty beguiles,
“ Deluded listen to the serpent's wiles,
“ Britain alone shall from her daring height
“ See the storm lour, nor tremble at the sight;
“ Shall bid her pilot boldly seize the helm,
“ And guide the tow'ring vessel of the realm.

“ Westward with swelling sail she makes her way,
“ The flag of Union eager to display :
“ She rolls her thunder o'er Rebellion's waves,
“ And hapless Erin from destruction saves.
“ Hence sister-isles shall to Time's latest hour,
“ Regardless of a restless tyrant's pow'r,
“ Nor meanly yield, nor fearfully despair,
“ But equal perils, equal triumphs share.”





E R J R.

FONTESQUE FLUVIOSQUE VOCO.....VIRGIL.



PART II.



Argument.

LOUGH ALLEN, THE SOURCE OF THE RIVER SHANNON, THE GRAND FEATURE OF THE INLAND PART OF ERIN, DIVIDING IT INTO EAST AND WEST.—THE PLACES OF NOTE ON ITS BANKS AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD, AND THE HISTORICAL SUBJECTS ALLUDING TO THEM.—A DESCRIPTION OF AN IRISH FAIR &c.—THE BEAUTIES AND ADVANTAGES OF THE SHANNON ENUMERATED.—ITS PRESENT STATE DESCRIBED, AND FUTURE GLORY ANNOUNCED.—THE POEM CONCLUDES WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE LAKE OF KILLARNEY, AND AN IRISH WAKE.

E R I R.

PART II.

THAMES, on whose banks I whilom thoughtless stray'd,
Where in youth's spring my sportive comrades play'd,
And I the foremost saw with conscious pride
My vessel leading o'er his surface glide,
Thames yields delight no more : with sullen wave
He flows, nor heeds Pope's ever-hallow'd grave,

Nor swells indignant, tho' the troubled shade
Still hovers o'er his willow, prostrate laid ;
Still deprecates the spoiler's ruthless hand,
That raz'd the dome,¹ by real genius plann'd.
Some unfrequented isle, some distant shore,
Sung by no muse, unknown to man before,
Might better suit the present hour of gloom,
When all combine to hasten Europe's doom :
But Allen's² waters, mighty Shannon's source,
Arrest me in my melancholy course ;
Her rills resounding, her abundant streams,
Fresh thoughts awaken, and create new dreams.
Embosc'd deep within a mountain's glen,
Whose summit, tow'ring above mortal ken,

Chills the moist vapours, Allen gently swells,
Or turbid, rising storms and rains foretells ;
When with the drizzling waters of the North
She teems, and Shannon, eager to rush forth
(To Leitrim, as the ruffled waters stray,)
Brawls o'er the stones and mounds that clog his way ;
Here³ giddy rustics, laughing at restraint,
Haste to carouse in honour of their saint.
Some throw the quoit, or pitch the pond'rous bar,
Some in mock combat, imitating war,
Inflict on daring fronts th'encrimson'd scar. }
Others, who from Miletus proudly trace
Athletic⁴ sinews in a Grecian race,

40

The feats and boastings of their sires renew,
Thrice⁵ how they grappled, thrice their rivals threw
Wrapt in mute silence Veterans view the scene,
Or as they strut along the level green,
Oft garrulously tell what they have been.
Dance more attractive lighter minds invites,
And harmony, tho' rude, the fair delights :
See the fond boy, a partner in the dance,
With playful smile and nimble step advance ;
Their hands responsive to the measur'd sound,
Their feet in tuneful unison rebound ;
Now with light trip appearing to retreat ;
Now, as if willing to embrace, they meet.

Applauded from the ring, the nymph retires---
The more she triumphs, he the more admires ;
But fleeting joys await the laughing fair ;
Soon shall her swain to foreign climes repair,
And, by the hope of India's treasure buoy'd,
Tempted by fame, by flattery decoy'd,
His valor and inconstancy to prove,
Forsake his friends, his country, and his love !
Heard ye that noisy rabble ?---These delight
Like Thracians in their revelry to fight ;
Hideous in shout, invet'rate in their rage,
Inebriated combatants engage.
Lost were the time such battles to describe,
Broils of an hour, that suit a savage tribe :

Some fly, some triumph ; others drop their heads,
When o'er their wassails Night her mantle spreads.

With rising morn let me resume my toil,
Roscommon's plains, and Longford's humid soil ;
Where Cromlin,⁶ gently flowing, still retains
Of Celtic rites traditional remains :
Crom's temple rude here reek'd with human gore ;
Here pangs of torture trembling victims bore,
Not self-devoted to resign their breath,
But doom'd by pagan mysteries to death :
At furnace blue, to cymbals' barb'rous strain,
Thus Palestine to Moloch bow'd profane.
Light be the turf where holy Keiran lies,
While angels waft his spirit to the skies.

43

Thy mound, fam'd Clonmanois,⁷ thy tufted slope,
Cover the dead, who slumber yet in hope
To hear this salutation : “ From the grave
“ Arise, ye few, who would your country save.
“ Rather endure depopulating woes,
“ Cold northern blasts, and everlasting snows ;
“ See smoking castles crumble into dust,
“ Children a prey to sanguinary lust,
“ Meet death in ev'ry shape, at ev'ry hour,
“ Rather than ERIN own a tyrant's power.
“ From the recesses of these sepulchres
“ Rise to receive the meed your God confers ;
“ Not sculptur'd urns, not banners waving high,
“ But heav'n's best guerdon---Immortality.”

Here simple hinds, by annual custom led,
O'er many a marble fragment thoughtless tread,
Trample on graves that mark intestine wars,
On chiefs and kings, perhaps their ancestors :
In vain they strive high titles to discern,
And mighty deeds and sounding names to learn ;
To boors, who know not from what sires they sprung
Pride vainly babbles in an unknown tongue.

In pensive state and meditating mood
Devious awhile I stray from Shannon's flood
To Cashel's rock⁸ and battlements decay'd,
Not by stern war in holy ruins laid.
What ! tho' it stood the shock of Thomond's rage,
The storms and conflicts of a rebel age !

What! though the pinnacle, and buttress'd wall,
And aisles, and turrets, now forsaken, fall ;
Still, Cashel, thy remains with pride look down,
Still cast on lesser piles a gloomy frown.

Connaught! thy leaders lost, and all their might
Lay shrouded in Oblivion's darkest night,
When Cashel's Psaltric to her sons reveal'd
Their father's glory in the tented field ;
Here Kerry's knights Meclellin overthrew,
High wav'd the blade, that holy Cormac slew ;
Nor sacred vest the raging tyrant spares,
Nor bended knee regards, nor fervent pray'rs.

On the parch'd mountain as the prophet stood,
And saw light mists arising from the flood,

He told the king his chariot to prepare,
Fly from the tempest gath'ring in the air ;
Ahab in haste from Carmel's summit hies,
And grateful rains Samaria fertilize.

Had I a prophet's voice, I might recal,
The native Lord to his deserted hall,
Here might send back those wanderers, who roam
In search of happiness, best found at home.
Is it for health to Bladud's springs ye haste,
Your wealth in pamper'd luxury to waste ?
Or where light Fashion with her vot'ries sports
In balls, in banquetings, and crowded courts ?
The rich domain forsaken or forgot,
The park, the castle ! the sequester'd spot,

Where peasantry neglected bide the storm,

And to their wants their habitation form.

Where day's pale gleam with difficulty stole,

From the same crevice see black vapours roll;

A squalid race behold, from terror mute,

With hunger clam'rous, huddled with the brute,

Nurturd in ignorance, and sunk in sloth,

These heirs of Penury, allied to both,

Feed with and imitate whate'er they see

In these associates of their misery.

Their distant Lord knows nothing, nothing sees,

Suffers no steward to disturb his ease,

No province of its gold¹⁰ untimely drain'd,

No tenant of his last best hope distract'd.

Back to your homes, ye triflers, haste away !

Palæmon's cultur'd boundaries survey ;

See in their master's presence, doubly blest,

Stout youth employ'd, see feeble age at rest ;

Their flocks increasing, dreary wastes improv'd,

Palæmon equal with themselves belov'd.

When thus contrasted with your own distress,

Ye view these sons of humbler happiness,

If e'er the godlike wish pervade the heart,

Such plans to try, such blessings to impart,

Check not the impulse ; let your bounty flow

Full, plenteous, as your native rivers go :

If health the salutary draft demand,

Seek Mallow's¹¹ waters in your native land ;

Or Connel,¹² in whose spring old fables trace
The noble blood of Boriom's slaughter'd race,

Limerick,¹³ tho' last to yield, yet faithful found,
When treason, like a robber, hover'd round,

When bigot-monks, too eager to engage,
Mock'd the swift bullet 'mid the battle's rage ;

Commerce in thee shall all her wealth unfold,
And Shannon deepen'd future navies hold.

As to the sea in wide expanse he flows,
Description fails, and language feeble grows ;

Yet let my thoughts his ample banks retrace,
Those mighty waves that many a district grace.

Placid tho' vast, magnificent tho' mild,
Adorn'd, yet more in native beauty wild ;

Behold three provinces his influence own ;

Behold by art, to former times unknown,

His arms he spreads o'er Erin's fertile field,

And makes coy Liffey¹⁴ to his sceptre yield.

The fairest colours, which at first delight,

Oft view'd, or dazzle or fatigue the sight :

Taste will not ever the same banquets bear ;

Repeated melody offends the ear.

Yet scenes remain to court the curious eye,

Above the pow'rs of Spenser's harmony,

Or Claude's enchanting pencil to display,

Ting'd with the hues of ev'ning's milder ray.

Oh ! for a Muse, with vivid ardor bold,

Killarney, all thy beauties to unfold !

Let hill, and dale, and grove, and stream, prolong
The Poet's labour, and adorn his song ;
And, when to other shores he shapes his way,
Let Launa¹⁵ to the main his praise convey.

Mountains on mountains rise, in russet deck'd,
And waterfalls, 'mid precipices wreck'd,
Scatter the spray from torrents tumbling down,
While o'er th'abyss impending forests frown ;
Turk¹⁶ tow'rs, and Mangerton's¹⁷ sublimer top
Heav'n's canopy, like Atlas, seems to prop.
Here (might I whisper legendary tales)
Satan by night his ghastly court regales,
Infernal imps their dire abode forsake,
To quaff the waters of the sulph'rous lake

Here wayward shepherds, in their rambles round,
A print of foot not human oft have found ;
Seen on the tender grass, in verdant rings,
By moonlight fairies dance. Tradition brings
To childish ears the stories of each place,
Minds more mature with pleasure these retrace.
But why should fable occupy my pen?
Endless the tales of goblins, ghosts, and men
Of size colossal, or of dwarfish mien,
Shadows which decorate a lifeless scene :
Some real woe let yonder hermit tell,
Who hides his head within his moss-clad cell,
Who ne'er is seen but at the dawn of light,
Or when the solemn orisons of night

Induce him to forsake his bed of stone,

And for his sins by penitence atone.

“ Say, gentle hermit, if thy solitude

“ Allow an unknown stranger to intrude;

“ Say, why amid these rocks and mountains bleak

“ Sad groans I heard ; and now a frantic shriek ?---

“ No more with thunder or the clarion’s sound

“ The echoes of the Eagle’s¹⁸ nest rebound.

“ Methought I heard, or do I seem to hear,

“ Accents of sorrow vibrate on my ear.”

“ And would you learn from me,” (the seer replies,) (

“ Must I show whence these mournful obsequies?

“ No common grief, which ev’ry day may move

“ The tribute of affection or of love,

“ Paid to the memory of bad or good,
“ Collects this sorrowing band of neighbourhood.
“ Saw ye that cottage ¹⁹ with its narrow door,
“ And straw coped thatch, and freshly sanded floor ;
“ And irons kept from rust, and brighten’d brass
“ Plac’d to attract the eyes of those who pass ?
“ There dwells a widow’d dame ; her only care
“ A daughter liv’d, beyond her equals fair.
“ Oft down the slope we saw her trip along,
“ Oft climb the hill ; around in numbers throng
“ The village youth, in silence to admire,
“ Or praise the object of their fond desire.
“ But Sullivan she view’d with partial eye :
“ For him would rise th’ involuntary sigh.

“ She with a breast in conscious pride elate,
“ Would his return from rustic triumphs wait,
“ Hear him the legend of each ruin tell,
“ The fairies’ gambol, and the wizard’s spell ;
“ With nervous arm behold him ply the oar,
“ Or throw his line along the sedgy shore,
“ Now wily trout, or more reluctant bream,
“ Now pike allure, fell tyrant of the stream ;
“ Then, as a look on Sullivan she cast,
“ She thought her youth all other youths surpass’d.
“ Vain man ! whose life on dark events depends :
“ Nor parents’ pray’rs, nor vows of anxious friends,
“ Nor beauty’s influence, nor rank, nor pow’r,
“ Can death procrastinate one little hour.

“ To-morrow’s morn had join’d this happiest pair,
“ But the last eve, as through yon rapid weir ²⁰
“ To Dinis Isle his bark the youth convey’d,
“ (Himself the burden and his faithful maid,)
“ On her fair charms, enamour’d as he hung,
“ The fabled ditties of the lake she sung :
“ Thee, Donaghoe,²¹ the Guardian of the stream,
“ The rider and his milk-white steed her theme,
“ The dreary horrors of thy prison-cave,
“ The precious gem beneath the lucid wave.
“ Ah, bitterness of woe, so soon to part !
“ Regarding her, regardless of his art,
“ He sees no rock, hears not the torrent roar,
“ Nor heeds the dangers of the treach’rous shore :

“ They pray, they sink, remote from ev’ry friend ;

“ Nor saints, nor angels, to their aid descend.

“ Hark from Mucrusses²² tow’r the sullen knell !

“ Behold ! preparing for their last farewell,

“ Not²³ shameless Bacchants to the spot repair,

“ To laugh, and groan, and grin, and rend the air

“ With mockery of woe, but friends approv’d,

“ Who sorely weep, because they truly lov’d ;

“ See them in snowy stole or sable weed,

“ Along the margin of the lake proceed.

“ For me, whom multiplied offences bring

“ To craggy rock and consecrated spring,

“ A voluntary exile in disguise,

“ (Too deep the crime which in my bosom lies,

“ Too foul the stain of appetite and will
“ To be annull'd by abstinence or skill,)
“ Some scene more distant from the haunts of man,
“ Where I may learn my proper faults to scan,
“ Bear mine own ills compar'd with others' woe,
“ And by compunction lessen those I know,
“ Pensive I seek. See from yon foaming spray
“ A spirit calls; a sister leads the way.”
No more ! but swifter than the fleeting wind,
Leaving his hermit's garb and beads behind,
The fatal bridge and foaming flood he cross'd,
And in impenetrable woods was lost.
Yet, tho' misguided taste destroy the cell
Where this sequester'd stranger deign'd to dwell,

Still Ronyan's²⁴ island, and her spring the same,
True to their trust, retain the mourner's name.
Seek not his virtues or his faults to know ;
Unfeign'd repentance taught the tear to flow :
Sins, thus deplo'rd, their purple stain shall lose,
And Faith and Hope awake to brighter views.





MUTE is the tongue of ERIN's tuneful king,²⁵
Cold is the hand that swept the silver string :
But, while his harp remains, it still recalls
Terrific measures in resounding halls ;
War, tumult, shouts of triumph, dying groans,
Love's playful strains, and Pity's melting tones.
Six valiant sons around their monarch stood,
Of chieftains first, and best among the good ;

As the light chords he swept with magic skill,

He mov'd their warring passions at his will :

Rude tho' himself, each faithful kern admires

Th' exalted virtues of departed sires.

Feats of the brave he sung---the robber Dane,

Invading foemen, friends in battle slain ;

Shame and disgrace the coward's certain mead,

Eternal bliss to those who nobly bleed.

If haply I, without a muse of fire,

Have dar'd to touch the chords of ERIN's lyre,

Have faintly sung of desolated woods,

Meads, mountains, lakes, and their prolific floods,

The weakness of the bard in pity spare ;

Few well describe high-sounding deeds of war.

Yet if, fond hope! the verse successful prove,
Adding one convert to his country's love,
ERIN no more shall at her lot repine,
But with the oak her hallow'd grass entwine,
And form (more envied than thy laurel, Rome !)
A wreath to decorate the Poet's tomb.



NOTES

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PART I. AND PART II.

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PART I.

FOR a description of the Skelig islands, the reader is referred to Dr. Smith's Natural and Civil History of the County of Kerry, page 111; but, as this book is not every where to be met with, the following extract may afford some entertainment.

“ The great Skelig stands about nine miles W. S. W. from Puffin-Island. It is a most high and stupendous rock, and the middle part of the island is flat and plain, consisting of about three acres of ground, formerly cultivated. This place is surrounded with high and inaccessible precipices, that hang dreadfully over the sea, which is generally rough, and

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roars hideously underneath. There is but one track, and that very narrow, that leads to the top, and this ascent is so difficult and frightful, that few people are hardy enough to attempt it." Here follows a description of the difficulties which pilgrims experienced in gaining the top.—There are two curiosities on this island: The first, the exquisite workmanship of the cells, or small chapels, built in the ancient Roman manner, without cement. The other, the wells of fresh water on the rock.

² Rathlin is an island situate at the northern extremity of Ireland.

³ The Danes or Ostmen, Easterlings. These are not merely to be understood as the inhabitants of Denmark, but as colonies of promiscuous nations of the ancient Scandinavia, who, some time between the eighth and ninth centuries, invaded and settled themselves in Ireland. For these invasions, their piracies, and their commerce, they⁴ have been recorded.

Vide Smith's Natural and Civil History of Waterford, page 96.

⁴ Queen Elizabeth founded Trinity-College, Dublin, and gave the statutes by which Trinity-College, Cambridge, is governed.

⁵ In almost every lough there are islands, and in them wells dedicated to some saint.

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• That this assertion is not merely poetical, the following anecdote may prove. King William, on his march to Carrick, having, from the hills which overlook Iverh, beheld the noble course of the Suir, exclaimed, “This indeed is a country worth fighting for!”

Vide Statistical Survey of the County of Kilkenny.

7 When the North East wind prevails, ships can scarcely make their way up Channel. In this respect, the harbours of Kinsale and Cork, are of infinite advantage to British fleets, not only on account of their seasonable supplies, but (prior to our complete sovereignty of the seas) for their affording protection from the enemy, as well as security to those who had made successful captures.—Ann. 1665, several rich prizes, taken from the Dutch, were brought into Kinsale.—1667, Sir Jeremy Smith came into Kinsale with eight men of war and some Dutch prizes of great value; two English East Indiamen, valued at £300,000. and the West India fleet of 130 sail, were preserved in Kinsale harbour.—In 1673, the St. David, with twenty East Indiamen, and forty other rich merchantmen, waited for a convoy from England.—1678, several rich French prizes were brought in.—In the beginning of May, 1703, the Virginia fleet came into Kinsale.—November, 16, 1704, the transport ships from Portugal sailed from Cork.—1705, the homeward bound Virginia fleet, 72 sail, came into Kinsale harbour, as also, on the 28th, five ships of the line and nine rich East Indiamen. These, among many other instances, are sufficient to show the value of these two ports to Great Britain.

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⁸ The pleasant Bandon, crown'd with many a wood.

Spenser's Fairy Queen, Book 4. Canto xi. Stanza 44.

⁹ —— Amid divided Lee.

The city of Cork is built upon islands formed by the several branches of the river Lee. Over the many canals which run through this city, there are several bridges: in this particular it resembles Venice.

¹⁰ Nagle's heights.—After having ascended Nagle mountains, the river Avenmore, or Black Water, separates the spectator from Armoy, called Armulla's Dale by Spenser. Hence may be viewed the echoing river Allo, which runs by Kean-Turk, (the Boar's Head.) Here is a large building erected by the Macdonoughs, a most magnificent pile! yet the jealousy of the times never suffered it to be finished; it belongs to the Earl of Egmont, Viscount Perceval of Kan-turk. Buttevant, the burial-place of the Barrys, exhibits a melancholy scene of the grandeur of ancient times in its ruined abbey, the high square tower of St. Mary's chapel, and another called Cul-len. On each side of the west entrance of the Abbey, are large piles of sculls. Buttevant is a corruption of *Boutez en avant*—“Push forward;” the motto of the Barrys. About two miles from Buttevant, on the right, are the ruins of Kilkolman Castle, once the residence of Spenser, where he completed his Fairie Queen. Spenser's name for the Awbeg is Mulla, which river he personifies, and feigns her to be married to a river then called Bregog. But her father, the

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mountain Mole, being averse from the match, causes the destruction of Bregog. The foundation of the fable may be traced in that of Acis and Galatea. Spenser's calamities are too well known. He fled to England on Tyrone's ravaging the country, 1597, and was ever after in great distress. Camden's words are very expressive on this occasion. *A rebellibus e laribus ejectus, et bonis spoliatus.* This exquisite poet, according to the date on his tomb in Westminster Abbey, was born in 1553, and died in 1598. *Æstat. 45.*

¹¹ The fate of that consummate warrior and statesman Sir Walter Raleigh is sufficiently known. He was an intimate friend of Spenser, and in Ireland at the same time, 1580. He brought the potatoe plant from Columbia, or America, and cultivated it in his own garden at Youghal. It is now the universal support of the inhabitants of Ireland and England. At the time of the Spanish invasion, his opinion in council was delivered in the memorable words, “England's best bulwarks,” &c. &c.

¹² Either by the encroachments of the sea, or the ravages of the land-floods, the strand of Youghal abounds with roots of trees; and the tract of land at low ebb shews marks of its ancient woods. The people of this region were called Vodii, and there are persons fanciful enough to trace the woods in the word. Ochella, the Latin name, may be derived from *Koill, a forest,* and sufficiently makes out its modern name, Youghal.

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¹³ Spenser calls these three rivers three brothers.

“ And there the three renown’d brothers were,

“ Which that great Giant Blomius begot.”

Fairy Queen, Book 4, Canto xi, Stanza 42.

¹⁴ Fingal, or Sene Gall; literally, The Land of Strangers. The Danes ravaged Dublin, Wexford, and Waterford, which districts were known by this name. Manapia is the name given by Ptolemy to that part of Ireland which now is distinguished by and divided into these three counties of Waterford, Wexford, and Dublin.

¹⁵ Richard Earl of Chepstow, surnamed Strongbow, (or according to some Strongbone,) in the midst of war, tumult, and rage, married Eva, daughter of Dermond, king of Leinster, in the hope of securing by this marriage the kingdom to himself; at least, his master Henry II. suspected him of this intention.

¹⁶ Powerscourt, in the county of Wicklow. Near this place is the glen called the Dargle. The rocky precipices on both sides as you approach the cataract, with the lofty oaks growing thereout, form a delightful and contemplative scene. The origin of the name seems to be comprehended in the following words: *Darrog*, an oak; *Gleann*, a valley.

Vide Lhuyd’s Archæol. Part. Irish-English Dict.

¹⁷ “ There was the Liffie rolling down the lea.”

Fairy Queen, Book 4. Canto, xi. St. 41.

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The river Liffey rises in the county of Wicklow, runs westward to Kildare, then changes its course to the north, and at length falls into the sea at Dublin, forming its harbour (so much celebrated in description) due East. It is called Anna Liffey, from *An IWater na of Liffey.* (*Vide Lhuyd.*) The rivers in many parts of Ireland are called the waters of the places near which they flow.

¹⁸ The Bay of Dublin, formed by the waters of Liffey, has ever been compared with that of Naples, here called, from Virgil's authority, Parthenope.

¹⁹ The Boyne rises in King's County.

²⁰ Cromwell's impiety often exceeded his fanaticism: his motto on his “iron or brazen ministers” was, “Open my lips, O Lord, and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.” At the siege of Tredagh, or Drogheda, the Irish in one of the towers having held out more obstinately than the republican hero expected, as soon as a practical breach was made, he entered, and put every person to the sword. His observation in his letter to the parliament was, that “he had no occasion to use such severity afterwards.”

²¹ The hill of Dunmore, from which King James the Second saw the beginning of the battle of the Boyne, and speedily fled to Dublin. It would be too much to impute cowardice to him, who had more than once “met death with-

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out dismay;" but men are not the same at all times. James betook himself to France. The Archbishop of Rheims sarcastically observed, pointing to the fallen monarch at St. Germain's, "There is a fool, who has lost three kingdoms for a mass."

22 The County of Down abounds with rivers suitable to the commerce it has established in the manufacturing of linen. The water of Newry (so called) promised, and performed as little as any stream in Ireland, it being navigable only as far as the tide flowed.

Vide Campbell, Vol. 1. p. 255.

The canal of Newry has made a communication with the interior of the province of Ulster: it joins the Ban and water of Newry, and vessels are now conveyed into Lough Neagh, deservedly called an inland sea, being almost the largest lake in Europe; connecting the counties of Armagh, Down, Antrim, and Derry. Lagan or Logan river has a communication in the same manner, and empties itself into Carrick-fergus Bay. By these improvements, the wealth of the northern parts of Ireland has been so far increased, that the appearance of it is manifest from the many country seats, &c. of the persons employed in the linen trade. The southern parts of Ireland have continued the same for centuries.

23 The iron manufactories, established in South Wales and elsewhere, explain this line.

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²⁴ Alluding to the Hermit of Warkworth, and the battle of Otterbourn, (the ground-work of the ballad of Chevy Chace,) which was very different in the event. Percy was taken prisoner.

²⁵ The river Ban, after falling into Lough Neagh, continues its course, dividing the counties of Antrim and Derry. There is a bar called the Cuts, which, though it prevents navigation, assists the persons employed in the salmon fishery, who catch them in their attempt to get over the bar.

²⁶ The eel and salmon fisheries of this river are invaluable. The salmon of the Ban is of a brownish hue. If some able engineer of the present day were to be employed, the impediments to navigation might easily be removed.

²⁷ The Sun enters Leo the 22nd of July

²⁸ Saint Columbhill, or rather Saint Columb, founded most of the churches in the North of Ireland, and put an end to druidical superstitions. These lines, "Left them his volume," &c. are nearly a translation of four lines in the Irish tongue, written on the tomb of the Saint.

²⁹ Many companies, belonging to the corporation of London, have large estates in this part of Ireland.

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³⁰ The Hercynian forest was of great extent. The forest of Derry in former days was not much less; and now there is scarcely a tree left.

³¹ Londonderry, being placed on the western side of the river Foyle, appears naturally to belong to Donegal, but is joined to its own county by means of the bridge of piles, built at the instigation of the Earl of Bristol, then Bishop of Derry. Farquhar, the comic poet, was born here in 1678, and died at the premature age of 30.

³² The county of Antrim.

³³ Carolan, the Irish bard and musician, in a pilgrimage to the cave of Saint Patrick, situate in one of the islands of Lough Derg, when in the cell, laid hold of the hand of a lady, (with whose beautiful person and musical voice in his youth he had been enamoured,) and, after an absence of above 20 years, he exclaimed, "The hand of Miss Bridget Cruize!" and so it was.

³⁴ Lough Con, in the county of Mayo. In a city called Con, situated on the southern extremity of this lake, there was a seminary for the education of Saxon youth converted to Christianity. The boasted learning of the Irish in ancient times is by no means an invented tale or idle tradition. Here Alfred was educated. In his life we read: "Then at God's ordinance he had the eveal called Fycus, with the

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“ wyche syckenes he was grived many yeres, and lastely
“ cured of that holy virgin Saint Modovenna, then dwelling
“ in Irelande. But after this cure by her done, she came
“ into Englande, for so much of her monastery or church,
“ that she there dwell'd in, was destroyed.”

Fabian's Chronicle, 1541. Aluredus, Chap. ccxxi. p. 192, 193.

³⁵ The Refern, or Raven; the standard of the Danes.



NOTE S

TO

PART II.

POPE's Villa, the resort of all the wits of the age in which he lived, now exists not.

2 Lough Allen, situated in the county of Leitrim, is encompassed by high mountains. The river Shannon breaks forth at the southern extremity of this Lake, visiting in its progress the ten following counties, viz. Leitrim, Rosscommon, Galway, Clare, Longford, Westmeath, King's County, Tipperary, Limerick, and Kerry. Its current has been impeded by those disgraces to such a noble river, weirs and stepping stones, instead of bridges.

3 The *feriae* (the origin of the word *fair*) were always held in the places where the wakes or feasts of the dedication of churches were observed.

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⁴ The Irish historians assert, that two Grecian colonies settled there. The one 322 years after the flood, under Partholanus, in the province of Munster; the other under Nemadius. From one or other of these Grecian colonies, their wrestlers must be derived, as those of Crotona were from Achaia. The story of Milesius the Spaniard, and his four sons, is given up as fabulous.

⁵ The boast of the Crotonian is conveyed to us in the following lines :

*Ανγας δέν μεσσοισιν ανεκραγεν : “Ουχι Τρι τέσιν,
“Εν κειμαι : λοιπον Γάλλα με τις βαλεῖω.”*

Milo arose, and in the circle cried,
“One fall shall never thus the prize decide,
“But who dares throw me thrice, let that be tried.”

}

⁶ Crom Llyn is the water of Crom. On this river, and at another place of the same name, in the county of Dublin, were these horrid rites performed by the Druids; as they are said to have worshipped Saturn, Crom may be an abbreviation of Κρόνος. Dr. Beaufort calls this river Camlin. Two authorities call it Cromlin.

⁷ Clonmanois, Cluan Macnois—the lawn of the sons of the chiefs. This is situated on a rising ground, on the eastern bank of the river Shannon, on the confines of King's County and Westmeath. An abbey was founded here, A. D. 548, dedicated to St. Kiaran. At this place, many

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mutilated inscriptions in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, have been found.

Vide Sir John Ware's Antiq. of Ireland.—P. 28, Bishop of Meath.

⁸ In 1641, Inchiquin battered the episcopal palace of Cashel, situated on a rock, yet he spared the cathedral. In the last century an Archbishop unroofed, and thereby brought to ruin, the ancient cathedral, founded by St. Patrick, in order to cover a smaller church built by him at the foot of the rock. *Credite, Posteri!*

Adjoining to the cathedral are the ruins of a chapel, founded by Cormac Mac Cullen, a king and archbishop of Cashel. He is the author of a History of Ireland, written in his native language, and called the Psalter or Psaltric of Cashel. This venerable personage was slain in the field of battle, by Flan Mechleclin, in the very act of offering up his prayers to heaven, and in his pontifical robes.

Nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,
Labentem pietas nec Apollinis insula textit.—*Aeneid II. line 429.*

Vide Sir John Ware.

⁹ “The prejudice Ireland receives by absentees has been long complained of, and will certainly continue, till the country puts on another face; for, if it were better improved, and beautified with fine seats, our number of absentees would every day decrease. Few gentlemen, who have seen anything abroad, and have observed how men live elsewhere, can sit down contentedly in a cold, damp, sordid habitation, in

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the midst of a bleak uninhabited tract; whereas, a handsome seat, amidst well-improved lands, fair villages, and a thriving neighbourhood, may invite men to live on their estates, and quit the life of insignificant saunterers about town, for that of useful country gentlemen. They who employ men in buildings, and manufactures, put life into the country, and the neighbourhood round is also observed to thrive.*

*Vide Dr. Smith's Natural and Civil Hist. of Cork,
Book 4. Vol. 2. p. 255.*

¹⁰ A nobleman, not many years back, was the cause of much inconvenience to the inhabitants of the counties wherein his vast possessions were, by drawing out of circulation an immense sum of gold; as he insisted that the fines for renewal of leases should be paid in cash only.—There are various reports of the sum brought into England on this occasion, but the distress was lasting.

¹¹ Mallow, famous for its waters, similar to the Clifton springs.

¹² Famous for its waters in quality and effect, equal to the Spa. The old King Brian Boriom, and four of his sons, were slain at Clontarf, A.D. 1014. The victory gained by his death put an end to the ravages of the Danes, the scourge of Ireland for two centuries. The grandson of this great king was murdered at Castle Connel, situated six miles from Limerick, on the east side of the Shannon, by the Prince

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of Thomond. In Lodge's Peerage, article *Earl of Inchiquin*, there is one solitary mention made of an Obrien, who died in his bed.

¹³ The treaty of Limerick was the last made between King William and the remains of King James's party, October 12, 1691.

In the late insurrection, the people of Limerick were particularly steady to the English interest. The infatuation of the common people in this unhappy struggle was such, as to believe the bodies of their Catholic priests and leaders to be invulnerable. "Among the baggage was found a peck full of charms, relics, &c. besides an infinite quantity taken from the dead, with a peculiar one on paper, said to be the exact measure of our Lady's foot, and written in it, "Who-soever wears this, and repeats certain prayers, shall be free from gun-shot, sword, and pike, respectively, as each desired."

Engagement at Knochbrack, alias Knochniclashy, July 26, 1652.

Vide Dr. Smith's Nat. and Civil Hist. of Cork, Book 4. Vol 2. p.174.

¹⁴ There are two canals communicating, or to communicate, with the Shannon; one on the north side of the city of Dublin, and the other on the south. The Shannon may fairly be deemed Fluviorum Rex.

¹⁵ Launa, the river Lane,—the outlet to the waters of Killarney. It empties itself into Dingle Bay. Dingle is the most westernly town in Europe.

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^{16 & 17} Turk, the name of a mountain to the southward of the lake. Mangerton was supposed at one time to be the highest ground in Ireland, but now the palm is claimed by Magillicuddy's Reeks. In Mangerton is a lake called the Devil's Punch-bowl.

¹⁸ The Eagle's Nest, a towering rock on the western side of the lake. Persons who visit this place well know the effects of a cannon fired, or the melody of a few French horns.

¹⁹ This is not a description merely imaginary. Such a cottage is mentioned as attracting the notice of the visitors of the Lake, and perhaps intended to rouze the native Irish from their slovenly inattention to their habitations.

²⁰ Old Weir Bridge, opposite to Dinis Island; the cause of many a disaster, owing to an artificial cataract formed by one of the arches being blocked up.

²¹ In what age the great O'Donaghoe flourished, the tradition of whose virtues is fondly transmitted, is not easily determinable; but, that a distinguished prince of that name did actually reign over this favoured region, is so established by the testimony of concurrent traditions, as scarcely to require confirmation from the page of history.

His countrymen represent him like the demigods of old; a conteinner of danger, a sworn foe to oppression. The appearance of O'Donaghoe is considered a most propitious

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omen to the person who is fortunate enough to behold him ; and the eye of the peasant eagerly searches for him along the windings of the lake. He is described as being mounted on a milk-white steed. A large rock of limestone 20 feet high, on one side perpendicular, is called his prison ;

There, during life, the factious were immur'd,
And peace and order without blood secur'd.

A person, who is deemed a lineal descendant, is said to be one among the many of the name now residing in the town of Killarney ; and, to distinguish him particularly from the rest, he is called O'Donoughoe.

Illustration of the Scenery of Killarney, p. 81. by Isaac Weld, Esq. to whom the Author (though unknown) begs leave to return thanks for permitting him to copy the engraving of old Wier Bridge.

“ The common people hereabouts have a strange romantic notion, of their seeing in fair weather what they call a carbuncle at the bottom of this lake, in a particular part of it, which they say is more than sixty fathoms deep.”

Dr. Smith's Hist. of Kerry.

²² Mucros, the remains of an abbey, which the inhabitants of the lake prefer as a burial-place.

²³ These two lines are intended to convey a description of a real Irish wake. The women are hired, appear frantic with woe, and act their part without knowing the deceased.

Οἱ μεναρ' εθρήνεον, ἐπι δε σενάχοιο γυναικες.

Vide Homer, Ω. 722.

Pectora nunc fœdans pugnis nunc unguibus ora.

Virg. AEn. LXI. 86.

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²⁴ The island is called Ronyan's Island, from the name of the person who dwelt there many years in a cell or cottage, which now no longer remains. As soon as the solitude of the place was invaded by strangers, he quitted the spot. It was never known who he was, or why he avoided society.

²⁵ Brien Boro, (Borr Magnus,) Buruma, or Boroimhe, (the Alfred of Ireland,) fought no less than twenty-four successful battles against the Danes. In the twenty-fifth, he, with four of his sons, though victorious, perished at Clontarffe, 23d April, A. D. 1014.—The following is a description of his harp, now in existence in Trinity-College, Dublin.

It is thirty-two inches high, and of extraordinary good workmanship. The sounding-board is of oak, the arms of red sally; the extremity of the uppermost arm is part capped with silver, extremely well wrought and chisseled. It contains a large crystal set in silver, and under it was another stone, now lost, &c. This harp has twenty-eight keys, and as many string-holes, and consequently there were as many strings. The foot-piece, or rest, is broken off, and the parts, round which it was joined, are very rotten. The whole bears evidence of an expert artist.

Brien's son Donagh, having murdered his brother Teighe, fled to Rome, carrying with him the regalia and this harp, which he gave to the Pope, in order to obtain absolution for the murder of his brother. It was kept in the Vatican until the reign of Henry VIII. to whom the Pope sent it.

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Henry gave it to the first Earl of Clanricard. In his family it remained till the beginning of the last century. A lady of the De Burgh family brought it into the possession of Mac Mahon of Clenagh, in the county of Clare. After his death, Commissioner Macnamara of Limerick had it. By him it was presented to the Right Honourable William Conyngham, who deposited it in Trinity-College library.





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